

# THE CINCINNATI DEMOCRATIC SENTINEL.

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## From Dodge's Literary Museum. All Men are Barbers.

I'll prevent you my friends. I hope,  
So none a doubt can harp on,  
That all the world's a barber shop,  
And every man a barber.

Some shave to make themselves look neat,  
And some because 'tis funny;  
But brokers shave you on the street,  
And only shave for money.

To court a girl with eloquence,  
The dandy near frets her,  
But fathers her with compliments,  
And shaves her when he gets her.

Some maidens also, now and then,  
Who are so fond of sporting,  
Will snap the shallow minded men,  
And shave 'em while they're a courting.

But men and girls who thus will boast  
Of sporting while they courted,  
Will find at last with bitter cost,  
That their own wives were married.

## A WORD IN SEASON.

AN ENCOURAGING STORY FOR DISCOURAGING TIMES.

"Kitty, see if you can do anything to keep this child still," said Mrs. Ferguson to her little daughter, who had just finished dressing, and was hurrying to tie her shoes.

Kitty went to the bed and took up the baby. The little fellow generally began to laugh and crow when he saw his sister's sweet face bending over him; but this morning he went on crying and worrying, in spite of Kitty's attentions.

Just then her father came in from the next room, and going to the bed in the corner, where a little girl was lying, said, "Wife, how's Helen to-day?"

"Poorly," said Mrs. F. "I have been awake with the children all night, and am completely worn out. I wish you would take the baby, and let Kitty go for some bread for breakfast."

Mr. F. took the baby, and tried to still its cries by walking the floor, but in vain. "Charley is catching the measles, too, I know by his actions," said Mrs. F. "All our troubles seem to come at once. What shall we do?"

"I am sure I don't know," said Mr. F. when the baby hushed his cries for a moment. "I wish you had married some one fit to take care of you."

"Don't talk so, John, you only make matters worse. Being awake at night makes me feel I know, but I am sure I have enough to discourage me."

During this conversation Kitty stood by the door, looking very sorrowfully, as the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"What is the matter, child? Why don't you go?" said her mother.

"I can't bear to, mother; for Mr. Brown told me yesterday I must not expect to be trusted again unless pa got work. What shall I tell him?"

"Tell him poor folks can't starve. I'll send him money to-morrow. I expect to be paid to-day for the last shirt I made."

Kitty put on her cloak and hood and started off for the baker's not as she went when her father had work and money was plenty, but with a slow unwilling step.

Mr. Ferguson had been laid up all winter with a fractured limb, but Mrs. Ferguson's quick and busy needle had kept them from want. Mr. F. could keep the baby still, though not able to walk. Kitty used to hem the bottoms of the shirts her mother made, and sat at home on Monday to help wash the clothes. Helen made herself useful in many little ways. In this manner they passed a quiet winter, looking forward to plenty of work in the spring. March has come, and Mr. F., though well, failed to obtain work, and began to be discouraged. Little Helen had the measles, and Kitty was kept from school to help her mother.

Kitty was patient and cheerful, so that her father sometimes called her his little Sunshine. When he returned from his long toilsome walk in search of employment, and sat by his fire in gloomy silence, Kitty would throw her arms about his neck, and say, "Never mind, father, better luck next time." But of late her father had grown harsh, and repulsed her by saying, "Go away, child." This morning Kitty felt discouraged. Her little sister's illness, the fear of Charley's catching the measles, and perhaps dying, like her cousin John, whose funeral she could not forget, swelled her little heart almost to bursting. The March wind blew unfeelingly in her face, so that she could hardly keep her cloak about her. The reproachful conversation between her parents, which she never heard in prosperous days, had sunk deep in her heart. She tried to dry her tears and look calm, as she passed some masons at work on an unfinished house, but this sight only added to her sorrow. Her father was a mason, and she had often carried his dinner to him in a tin pail, on her way to school at noon; but the pail had long been laid away idle, and with it many of the comforts of their peaceful home.

When Kitty reached the baker's she wiped her eyes, and trying to look cheerful, asked for a shilling loaf.

"Where's your money?" said Mr. Brown.

"Mother will send it next time. She is expecting money to-day for her work."

"The same old story; I've heard it often enough. Now, look here, child, your father owes me three dollars. Don't show your face here again without it."

Kitty trembled with mortification and sor-

row, for there were several customers standing by, and among others Miss Williams, Kitty's school teacher, whom she had not seen in three weeks. She walked out of the store in silence, with large tears rolling down her face. She was just turning the corner when she heard some one call "Kitty." She turned, fearing to meet the angry countenance of the baker, but saw instead, her teacher's kind face.

"Kitty," said she, "what's the matter?"

"Oh, everything Miss Williams," said she.

"Oh, no, my dear child, not everything. I see you are in trouble, but you must try to look on the bright side."

"There ain't any bright side!" sobbed Kitty. "Helen is sick; pa can't work, and ma has no time to sew, and Charley's getting the measles. Oh dear, oh dear, I can't help crying!"

"Kitty," said Miss W., as she drew the little girl close to her, and wiped her tears with her handkerchief. "I wish I had something to give you, but my old mother and sick sister need every cent I can earn. Remember that it is God clothes the lilies, and clothes each helpless bird, so He will see your tears and pity you. Cheer up, Kitty; your word never fails. Brighter days are coming!"

So saying, Miss Williams kissed the little scholar, and putting a cake in her hands which she had bought at the baker's for a laugh, bade her good morning.

Kitty watched her for a moment, and then began her walk home. A new light seemed shed over all she saw. The sun, which had been hid behind the clouds, now shone cheerfully, and the wind no longer keen and cutting, seemed a friendly hand wrapping her cloak around her. She passed the masons at their work, and the warily dressed children on their way to school, with a quiet countenance. Everything seemed to say, "Cheer up, Kitty; brighter days are coming!" She found her mother with Charley on her lap, trying to sew and keep him still. Helen was asleep, and Mr. F. gone out. Kitty laid her cake on the table, and taking the baby in her arms, inquired for her father.

"He took a piece of cold meat, and went out soon after you. I'm afraid he's at the corner grocery," said Mrs. F. with a sigh. "When a man gets discouraged he is very likely to take to drinking. O, Kitty, how different every thing is from old times!"

After a hasty breakfast, Kitty resumed her seat by the fire with Charley on her lap. She felt hopeful and happy—for the blessed words spoken by her teacher were ever present. Charley left the magic influence of Kitty's happiness, and began to laugh and play, and when the sister gave him the cake Miss Williams gave her, he ate it with such a relish that his mother said, "I believe Charley was only hungry after all. He may escape the measles."

Kitty put him to sleep, and laid him by the side of Helen and then said "Mother, please let me fix up the room, and try to make it look like old times when pa comes home."

"Do as you please my child, but fixing up, won't bring plenty to our empty cupboards. What makes you so cheery, Kitty? Have you heard good news?"

"No, Mother, but I cannot help thinking we shall soon see brighter days. Ain't there anything in the house to eat besides this loaf?" said Kitty.

"Yes, there's a bit of bacon, and five or six potatoes; the last we have left."

"Ma, mayn't I cook it all myself, and have it ready by noon? You look as if you needed a good dinner."

Having gained her mother's consent, she flew about the room, doing first one thing, then another, and just had the table spread with a clean cloth, and the pork and potatoes smoking hot, when her father came in. He looked surprised and said, "Kitty, this looks like old times—and does me good."

They sat down and ate a hearty dinner, and after it was over, and while Kitty was washing the dishes she said, "Father, why don't you try once more to get work?" "I, that's out of the question my child. I have tried till I am ashamed to show my face. No one is willing to hire a man out of employment."

Cheer up, dear father, brighter days are coming," said Kitty in a coaxing tone. "Do try once more, just to please me." Mr. F. looked anxiously at his overworked wife, and little children, and got up and putting on his hat went out.

Towards night as Kitty and her mother sat sewing busily, they heard some one running up the stairs with a cheerful step, and before Kitty could open the door her father came in. The table was set with the remains of the morning loaf, and the children were asleep. Mr. F. had a large market basket in his hand, which he set upon the table, and in a lively tone, which made Kitty and her mother start, said, "Come my girl, cook us a good hearty supper. I always said you were my sunshine and joy, and you are."

At this Kitty threw down her work and jumping up said, "Oh pa, I know you have found work. I know by your looks."

"Yes, Kitty, I have, and good work too. So mother put down your sewing, and while you are getting tea I'll tell you the story."

Kitty almost danced with joy as she saw the tea, coffee, sugar and rice taken from the basket; and when her mother unwrapped a

card of gingerbread for the children, and her father laid a large beefsteak on the table, she could hardly keep from crying for joy. The confusion woke up the baby, who was quickly quieted by a piece of the gingerbread. The hot tea and smoking beefsteak were soon on the table, and Kitty and Charley on his high chair, and they all sat down to supper, and little Helen felt stronger for a cup of good tea which her mother gave her as she sat in bed. Kitty could hardly eat for joy, and "now pa" said she, "please tell us how you got work, and where all our good things came from."

"Kitty, my girl," said he, "you got me a place to-day, though you don't know it. I left home this noon to go to the corner grocery, and divert my mind a little, but something seemed to whisper in my ear's 'cheer up, father, brighter days are coming!' so I walked on a few blocks. Just as I got to that new row of buildings, I saw Mr. Williams busy with his men. As soon as he saw me he called out, 'Ferguson! where do you live?'"

"When I answered 'nowhere,' said he, 'you are just the man I want. I thought you were laid up sick at home. When will you begin?' 'Right away,' said I, and in less than twenty minutes I was hard at work. When I started to come home at night he said, 'Ferguson, I want to see you,' and so he took me to his house and asked me if I would have any of my wages in advance. Of course I did not refuse. He then requested me to sign the temporary pledge, not that he saw any need of it in my case, but because he had made it a law with his men. He took out the paper, and without hesitation I put my name down. On my way home I borrowed a basket and filled it, and here we are, more snug and comfortable than we have been in three months."

"But pa, you have not told me how I got the place," said Kitty.

"Why, my child, I was entirely discouraged this morning, but your cheerful words and warm dinner gave me new spirit to try again—and trying again got me work."

"It was Miss Williams, not I, that got you the place, pa, for as I was crying because the baker was so cross to me, she came up and spoke very kindly and said, 'Cheer up, Kitty for brighter days are coming!'"

Those pleasant words kept me happy all day, and made me try to get work."

Mrs. F. went to sleep that night with a light heart. No more overworked days and restless nights; no more visits to the corner grocery. Her husband, for whose safety she had trembled had signed the pledge, and found employment. Her cup of blessings seemed full.

Miss Williams never knew the good which resulted from those brief words spoken from a pious heart, though from that time Kitty's cheerful face was seldom missing from among her scholars. Speak kind words! They cost nothing, and may be said just in time to save body and soul from destruction.

AUNT KATE.

## What Whiggery is.

During the pendency of the last election we warned the Democracy, if the opposition succeeded: that they would immediately place in the foreground and advocate all the whig measures which have been so often condemned by the people. Whatever might be the elements that made up and composed the Fusion party, we know its triumph would be the resurrection of Whiggery from the tomb of obliquity to which it had been consigned, inasmuch as, after all the members of that organization formed the bulk and main support of the Fusion array. We remember 1840, when, although nothing was said in the canvass about a national bank or a high protective tariff, they were immediately brought forward by the whig opposition as soon as it was installed in power. So great was its haste, indeed that it could not wait the due course of events, but through its Executive called an extra session of Congress to pass those measures into laws. Our predictions have been realized, even sooner than we expected.

Encouraged by the triumphs in the great States of Ohio and Pennsylvania, and throughout the North generally, the Cincinnati Gazette, one of the most influential and respectable Whig papers of the country, has country, has come out openly and unequivocally for a national bank and a high protective tariff. In its issue of Tuesday we find the following, and commend it to the attention of our readers:

"We may be considered by the progressive Democrats as behind the age, when we assert that the greatest blessing which could befall our land, would be the enactment of a good protective tariff and a national bank. Twenty years of experimental economy upon currency and trade have left us with an innumerable spawn of local banks, whose notes will not pass current a hundred miles from where they are issued, and which are received by the community as husbands do their wives, 'for better or for worse.' Twenty years of experimenting upon the currency has given gold to the Government, and stock bank notes to the people, of which they are daily informed by notices in the windows of the brokers that they are bought inside at from ten to twenty per cent, discount. Such is the people's currency, while the office-holders have gold. We have heard in the years gone by of the 'monster,' which General Jackson killed; we were never impressed with the glory of the deed."

If the United States Bank was a monster, it was an angel of light in comparison to the numerous brood of smaller monsters which have lived and died since the great decade."

The "greatest blessing that could befall our land," in the estimation of our Whig contemporary, would be "a good protective tariff and a national bank." Democrats, do you hear that? Here is the same "old soon," which you supposed was dead and buried, warmed into life again by the sun which shone so benignantly upon him in October last. The battles of the last twenty years upon the currency and political economy are again to be renewed. The old issue of Jackson and Van Buren's Administration, supposed to be settled, are revived. In reading the extract from the Gazette, one is struck with the similitude of its ideas and language to the partisan slang and humbug which filled the opposition papers twenty years ago. When Gen. Jackson and Mr. Van Buren essayed and succeeded, so far as the National Government was concerned, in returning to the currency of the Constitution, it was that the catch phrases of "experimenting upon the currency," and "gold for the office-holders," and tags for the people, were first repeated, and they still linger in the memory of our contemporary.

Well, we are glad the opposition are again to go into the political field with a "United States Bank milestone around their necks," as the distinguished editor of the Albany Journal, Thurlow Weed, termed that unfortunate issue. Daniel Webster long since declared a bank to be an "obsolete idea," but if Whiggery thinks it can breathe the breath of life into its defunct carcass, we are perfectly willing it should make the trial. We shall see "if the repeated verdict of twenty years can be set aside."

Democrats have no objections to go before the people upon the questions of a national bank and a high protective tariff, and will accept with pleasure the gauge of battle which our contemporary, in behalf of Whiggery, throws down. They will burnish their armor, which has grown a little rusty from disuse, and with the Constitutional weapons wielded with so much force in days past by Jefferson, Jackson, Buchanan, Calhoun and Wright, against a bank and a high tariff, they do not doubt that, argumentatively speaking, they will again triumph over those political monstrosities to pieces—*On. Eng.*

## Stupendous Forgeries!

The San Francisco Chronicle of October 16, gives a detailed account of the great forgeries recently committed in that city by Henry Meigs, which, perhaps, are ahead of anything of the kind on record. The details are startling, and full of interest. The Chronicle says:

On Friday afternoon a rumor circulated among business men that Henry Meigs, and old resident and well known business man of our city had failed with liabilities to the amount of \$800,000, and on Saturday morning several of the morning papers announced the failure. During Saturday forenoon, it became generally known that Mr. Meigs, with his family and his brother John G. Meigs (elected city comptroller at the September election) were not to be found, and about noon it was found that they had sailed on Wednesday night out of the harbor in the bark American which had been cleared at the Custom House for "ports on the Pacific."

This announcement caused a suspicion among parties who had loaned large sums of money on deposits on comptroller's warrants as securities that the warrants were genuine. Doctor Crowell had received warrants to the amount of \$15,000 from Meigs as a security for \$6,000, and discovered by an examination of the comptroller's books that the drafts were forged. Adams & Co. discovered that warrants to the amount of \$40,000 which they had received, were forged. William Neely Thompson & Co., discovered that a promissory note, purporting to be drawn by their house in favor of Meigs, had been negotiated by him.

Messrs. Adams & Co. published an advertisement in the Evening Journal of Saturday warning all persons against purchasing Comptroller's warrants, until it was ascertained that the suspicion that Mr. Meigs had forged large amounts of warrants was correct. The Evening News of the same day contains a notice from Wm. Neely Thompson, that the note above referred to was a forgery. These notices created a great excitement in the city. The first forged warrant was presented at the Comptroller's office at two P. M., on Saturday, and at half past four, when the office closed, \$20,000 had been brought in. Crowds of persons were collected in the streets, speaking of failures and forgeries, and the brokers and bankers were busy in examining the Comptroller's warrants to see whether they were genuine or not. During the afternoon and evening it was discovered that the forgeries of comptroller's warrants amounted to about \$1,000,000; stock of the California Lumber Company, of which Henry Meigs was president, had been forged to the amount of \$300,000, and his debts incurred in regular transactions amount to about \$800,000. It is said that county scrip has also been forged by Meigs, but the amount is not yet known.

The city warrants are made upon banks of both old and new issue in sums of \$500 and \$1000. The signatures of Mayor Harrison and Comptroller Harris are so well counterfeited that those officers could not distinguish the false from the true warrant by the signatures.

Take it all in all, the forgery is one of the most extensive, bold and successful on record. It will long be a great fact in the history of San Francisco; and after the body of Henry Meigs shall have been worn eaten, the memory of his deeds will remain as another confirmation of the Proverb that honesty is the best policy.

During the week, previous to his departure, he has been very busy in raising ready money for his stocks, and it is supposed that he carried off about four hundred thousand dollars cash. It is said that the porter carried down to one of the wharves two heavy carpet bags, supposed to contain gold to be carried off in a boat by him. He was accompanied by his wife and three children, and by his brother John G. Meigs. It is not known whether John G. Meigs was concerned in any of the forgeries, although Henry must have had accomplices.

There is a good deal of speculation in regard to the destination of the American. It cannot possibly be any portion of this continent, nor to the Sandwich Islands, nor to any of the large ports of China or Australia. There are too many Americans in all these places, for a man so shrewd as Meigs to venture within their reach. He has probably gone to some of the South Sea Islands, or to some of the smaller ports of Asia or Europe. But he is not safe while he is on earth, the news of his crime will have reached all the large ports of the world before him. Every stranger will be a terror to him—wherever he goes the power of the United States will appear to him like an avenging angel—every American will appear to him as his executioner—he will flee when no man pursueth, and will bitterly curse the day when he began his career of crime.

Meigs was born in Catskill, N. Y., and lived for many years in Williamsburg, where he was for many years a member of the city council. It is stated that he became bankrupt in New York, and that when he was applied to here by some of his former creditors, he paid his debts. He arrived in San Francisco, in July, 1849. In the fall of 1853 he was elected to the City Council from the first ward, and again in the fall of 1851. This was the Jenny Lind purchase, and Meigs gained a great deal of popularity by opposing the Jenny Lind purchase. In 1852 he was again elected, and again in 1853. He was a very bold speculator, and had three favorites for speculation—land, lumber and music. He was the principal person in getting up the California Lumber Company, which erected a mill in 1852 at Modocina, and from the works of which more than 3,000,000 feet of lumber are now brought monthly to this city. He built a Musical Hall, and made great efforts, and many sacrifices to have good musical performances.

Nearly every moneyed man, and many men of small means have suffered severely from these forgeries; and we set down to the whole amount of spurious warrants at no far from a million of dollars on which Meigs has probably borrowed about fifty per cent. of their face, receiving some \$400,000 in cash. This loss falls principally on the outsiders—to use the phrasing term of the street—the bankers, as near as can be ascertained, suffering to the amount of about one quarter of the whole. Mr. Meigs was evidently cautious in placing the warrants, as far as practicable in the hands of those who would not be likely to use them for their own loans, or to do otherwise than lock them up; taking the loans of him as investments.

There was no man here who bore a fairer reputation for integrity than Henry Meigs, whose name has been closely connected with most of our local improvements. Yet he has suddenly absconded after having committed forgeries; and contracted business debts to the amount of nearly two millions of dollars. The following may be taken as a moderate approximation of his liabilities:

Amount of failure in his proper business, - - - - -	\$800,000
Comptroller's warrants forged, - - - - -	400,000
Forged or over-issued stock of the California Lumber Company, of which concern he was president, - - - - -	300,000
Forgeries on different mercantile firms, - - - - -	50,000
Total, - - - - -	\$1,600,000

ILLINOIS BANKS.—P. Maxwell, Bank Commissioner for the State of Illinois, has issued a card, in which he states:

Every bank of this State, under the general banking law, has deposited with the auditor, in the hands of the treasurer, good interest paying bonds of the several States, to the full amount of every dollar of their own bills; and all registered money is equally secured, one bank with another. Those that have clothed their doors have in no way depreciated the security for their bills—they are of their full value now—but cannot command the specie until the auditor disposes of their bonds or securities according to law, which is required to be done immediately, at which time due notice will be given, and the bills redeemed in specie.—No sacrifice should be made on Illinois bank bills whatsoever, not even suspended banks.

From the Western Home Visitor.  
JACKSON CO., IOWA, Nov. 6, '54.  
FARMER HARRISON:—Here I am, in the land of wolves, elk, deer, wild-cats, and occasionally a "bar" or two. Oh, what an awful country this is! It is a land of "sturdy habits"—that is, they are steady on the road to a doggerly. Religion and morality have been let out on "time" to the highest bidder—an old puritan bought them and started next day for Illinois. The *Suckers*, learning that he was coming into their State, "warned him out," and the last heard of these twin sisters, they were wending their way to Ohio. Money is scarce and loans ready at 40 per cent. *Consensus* left with morality and religion.

But, notwithstanding all these things, Iowa is a great State. Her soil is the best in the world—from two to five feet deep—her timber is not very good; most of it scrub oak. The prairies present to the eye of a stranger something that is grand and magnificent. When I got in the centre of one of those large prairies, I could look for miles without seeing any timber—not even a bush—not a living, moving thing. These prairies are rolling, broken with deep ravines, and some awful "blues," as they are called here, and some parts are mountainous. I was very much surprised to find the lead so rolling. I expected to see a flat country.

There is abundance of water here for stock—streams that have never been known to go dry. The creeks are deep, with a strong current, and the water is very clear. I cannot account for the fact that the banks of these streams are from five to ten feet high. Mills are tolerably scarce here—flouring mills being ten miles apart. Saw mills are more plenty—principally run by steam. You would think they would saw all the timber there is in the country in a few weeks.

There is plenty of stone coal in this country, but not of very good quality. Stone for building is also plenty. In some parts of this State there is an abundance of limestone, which they use here for building.

The land is all entered in this county. Large tracts are owned by speculators, who are a curse to all new countries, [and old ones, too.] They greatly check the settlement of the country. Emigrants are induced to come to this county in expectation that they can enter land or buy of speculators at a reasonable price, but soon learn that such is not the fact. Speculators ask from five to ten dollars per acre, for prairie land and from twelve to thirty dollars per acre, for timber. Well, the result is this: instead of buying here, purchasers push on farther west and permit this country to remain unsettled. Hundreds have passed through here this fall who to-day might have been residents of this county, were it not for these corrupt speculators. I have no objection to speculation when it does no violence to the public good; but land speculators are not content with 40, 50, or 100 per cent., but must have about one thousand per cent., on their investment. Some of them, I hope and believe will burn their fingers.

The wheat and corn crop is very good, as is also oats. Wheat is selling at 67c; corn 32c; and oats 25c per bushel. *Log huts* are renting here for from \$2 to \$5 per month. Newcomers will not be likely to soon forget their first winter in Iowa. Carpeters, shoemakers, blacksmiths, and plasterers are getting two and three dollars per day and boarded. Everything is high and, as in older States, "dog eat dog" is the prevailing custom here.

Horses are lower here than in Ohio. I would advise persons coming here not to bring more than they will want for their own use. They can be exchanged for land by giving six prices for it and throwing them in to make a good bargain. K.

## "The State Bank of Ohio"

We take the following from a communication in the Statesman and Democrat:—This system, a copy of the Bank of England, is by no means immediate. Its great ancestor the Bank of England suspended in 1797 and stayed suspended 23 years!

I merely wish to give a few facts in relation to the securities upon which the circulation of the branches of the State Bank of Ohio is based; and let holders themselves judge as to the probability of its redemption in the event of such a crash as seems to be inevitable.

The reports made by these banks during the last year, show that of the thirty-eight branches in active operation, the average circulation amounts to nearly eight millions of dollars. These same reports show that to secure this, they have:

In the hands of the Board of Control as Safety Fund, - - - - - \$250,000  
Real estate and personal property belonging to banks, - - - - - 130,000  
Making the total sum of - - - - - \$380,000

probably available for the redemption of notes, if the Banks were forced into liquidation, and their affairs placed in the hands of the Board. I say probably available, because how much they say but those who have been permitted to penetrate the mysteries of the Board of Control. Even should they be valuable, months must elapse before they can be converted into available means, the note be the maximum the billholders will receive.

Corn is selling in New Orleans at 80 and 93 cents.

## "This Farm for Sale."

In the course of a ride, out among the rusticities, where the smells of clover, the foliage is fresh, and the birds are not afraid, we came across a sign which bore the above inscription. It was not lettered in a style which Wiggins or Smith would select as a model but the characters were sufficiently plain to answer the object intended; on the same principle that one can as well understand the English language when it jumps from the mouth of the untutored boor, as when it murmurs on the velvet lips of the languid beauty.

The inscription took the form of a text, at once—and, straightway, a mental sermon succeeded, which we will recall and put down, as our memory serves us:

Why sell the farm? It looks in excellent condition. Were it a female and not a farm, it would hurt somebody's heart grievously. Instead of being offered, it would be sought after, and as only one out of a hundred suitors could prevail, there would be ninety and nine statues of despair reared in ninety and nine bosoms.—We cannot see how a man whose discrimination is not blunted can part with such a farm. Its owner must be a prince. From its fertile heart cometh sustenance in abundance. It beareth fruit—sheep wander in its valleys, cattle browse on its hill-sides.—The cluster of fowls and the neighing of horses are heard from its yards and meadows—its garden is full of fineness, and the grape vine laden with promising clusters, festoons the nursery wall. Every thing betokens fruitfulness and plenty—of which the dissatisfied farmer is owner and lord.—What earthly reason can he have for wishing to sell it?

Why sell the farm? Has its owner become ambitious as well as restless? Has he read in books and newspapers of some far off land, where money lies upon the turf, and all you have to do is to stoop and take it? Does the glitter of Australia haunt his eye, his mind, his dreams? Or does he regard himself as rich enough to move into the city, and spend in luxury what he has earned by unflinching toil? Well human nature is full of freaks.

If there is one ailage that is truer than another, it is the one that says, "A man never knows when he is well off." A farmer—stretch, well to do farmer. Why he is the king of comfort. Health, enjoyment, independence hide among his grass and nestle in his tree tops. He needs not sigh for Australia, when his own soil teems with profit. He need not travel for gold when he may dig it in his fields.—And as for the city, it is a great deal better to visit now and then, than to make it a continual abiding place. It is infinitely better to be a guest than a resident. These are gospel sentences—and the farmer will find them so.

Why sell the farm? Strange that we should pass an unperceiving churchyard just at this moment and that our unconscious eyes should fall upon a new made grave. Perhaps we have been too hard with the farmer, after all. Thus very mound, so freshly heaped, may be the secret of his discontent. It is not the grave of a child; its proportions do not correspond with the "little earth" to which a youngling or youth is entitled. There is no stone yet raised to tell of its occupant—but somehow, we cannot help thinking that the farmer's wife is there. Forgive us, that we did chide thee, good and honest friend! We do not blame thee, now. That rule inscription, "This house for sale," now stands its sponsor to a volume of suffering.

Why sell the farm? Because it is home no longer. The dear old home seems gloomier than a prison, for that, but now, an angel passed its threshold to return no more. The bonnet and comforts it possessed are changed to clouds and ashes—the air, that hovers its foliage and skirts across its meadows is full of melancholy meaning. The tree has fallen, and the vine has nought on which to cling. So sell the farm, most worthy friend. Would to heaven the bargain might include thy sorrows.

The commonest records are often invested with awful eloquence. If we will but dive beneath the surface we may bring up a handful of pearls.—*Ref. Ex.*

## Hogs in Cincinnati.—The Commercial of Wednesday, says:

In hogs there has been no increased activity, though for large ones the demand is better, at \$4 to \$4 1/4 per cwt. net. The whole amount slaughtered here, so far, is about 15,000 against 70,000 the corresponding last season. This falling off is owing to the unwillingness manifested by buyers to pay more, and the high rates demanded by owners.

The hogs which have arrived average from ten to fifteen pounds higher than last season, and the yield of lard will also be deficient. The probability is that a larger number of hogs than usual will be packed by owners, at small places throughout the country, owing to the low rates prevailing and the unsettled state of money affairs.

A morrow settlement is being made to Kansas. About 2,000 families go out in charge of Elder Francis Snow, one of the Twelve, to a point about 120 miles west of the town of Kansas.